

Colors of Spring Flowers by ReblDOMAKR

Series: [met at a party \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bisexual Billy Hargrove, Consensual Underage Sex, Drug Use, M/M, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Underage Sex, hnstly just needed mike getting plowed by my fav

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Karen Wheeler, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Mike Wheeler/Billy Hargrove

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-05-27

Updated: 2018-05-27

Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:54:21

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,239

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Mike has no idea how he got to this point.

Colors of Spring Flowers

Author's Note:

unbetaed. aka mistakes galore prolly

Mike doesn't know how he's gotten to this point, unlocking his mouth from a couch cushion as Billy Hargrove's dick pulls out of his ass.

Well, no, okay. He *knows*. Dustin's crush on a senior cheerleader and her invitation to a party at her place brought him here. Lucas and Max vanishing the moment Billy entered the house, probably so they could make out without him trying to rip off Lucas' jaw (yes, he tried to do that once, let's all be thankful for Billy's strange mercy). Will was not-flirting with a junior boy, who was definitely feeling up his best friend. That's fine. Mike doesn't care, alright? He was too busy moping in the corner, wishing El could be there with him.

Someone tried to beat Billy's record at the keg stand. They were short, but Billy still went up and proudly made his old high score look like beginner's work. He grabbed a not-cigarette from a girl's hand, blew the smoke into a dog's face, before stomping over towards Mike himself. The cure to boredom at a high school party? A senior with a reputation of busting faces because the face's owner said something he just didn't like. Boredom got replaced with anxiety (fear), pretty damn quickly.

Billy leaned over the corner spot where Mike had shoved a tiny stool to sit on. "What's a pretty boy like you doing sitting by himself?" He asked.

"I'm not pretty." Mike snapped. His cheeks flamed over.

"Well, you're a boy." Billy said, leaning down lower – closer to Mike's face. The boy had to wince, shoving himself more against the wall to try to get away from the stench of cheap beer. "And you're pretty." He paused, then began to laugh. He was definitely drunk. His laughs twisted into impish cackling.

A girl with a bright red face stormed up to them. She tapped on

Billy's shoulder. When he turned around, she pulled up her top. Her breasts, pert with brown nipples, in their weighty sag, bounced as they were freed. Just as quickly as she'd lifted it, she shoved her shirt back down. She kissed Billy's cheek, giggling. She ran off shrieking, "I did it! I did it!"

Billy looked back towards Mike. "Keep being pretty, babe, and you'll get to be the dude girls are dared to flash at parties." He said.

"Okay." Mike nodded, hoping Billy would go away now.

Billy did not go away. Billy picked Mike off of his stool and sat him on the floor just to take his seat. "Nice seat." He said, leaning against the wall with a weird smirk.

Mike's stomach boiled. "Fuck you." He snapped. He stomped off.

About another hour later, Mike was sitting now in a half-finished basement. No one else was downstairs with him, but he didn't really mind. He just wanted to wait for the noise to go down before he went to try to find Dustin and Will before leaving. Last he had seen, Dustin was sitting on the senior cheerleader's lap and Will was still not-flirting with the junior boy.

The basement door slammed open. Billy Hargrove appeared again. This time he was scowling and his black leather jacket hung in his left fist. He slammed the door again, this time to close it behind him. He stomped down the steps. Even when he noticed Mike, his mood didn't lighten.

"Someone's angry." Mike muttered.

"I heard that, you little shit." Billy hissed. He threw his jacket over on the loveseat messily placed three feet away from the large four-seater Mike was sitting in. "Your fucking sister decides to stop by and fucking scare off my bitch for the night with her freaky ass boyfriend." He shoved Mike's legs off of the couch and sat down next to him.

"What did Nancy do?" Mike asked. He can't help but be curious, okay? It's his sister.

Billy turned to stare at him. "I was about to get a blowjob from some blond bitch, and fucking Miss Nancy Wheeler decides to go on a fucking spiel about how much of a piece of shit I am. Like her fucking boyfriend didn't take pictures of her naked when she was fucking Steve. Fuck that, fuck her!" He huffed. "Either I get my dick wet or I'm going to fucking tear off someone's fucking lips and fuck those instead."

"That's," Mike licked his lips, almost anxiously. "Vivid."

"I guess I deserved it. I stopped kissing the bitch to fucking say hello, like a good socializing human being!" Billy pulled out a pack of cigarettes. He pushed open the top. Mike wonders what Billy said to make his sister so upset. "Whatever, man. Too wasted to deal with that shit upstairs." He sighed, pulling out a self-rolled cigarette.

Mike watched curiously as Billy placed it between his lips and lit it with his Zippo. After a long inhale, he doesn't bother to pull it out. He looked at Mike and opened his mouth enough for him to exhale a thick cloud towards his face.

One accidental breath later, Mike was coughing into his fist. Billy laughed at him. "Never smoked weed before, pretty boy?" He taunted, but he held out the butt of the 'cigarette' towards Mike. "Here, take a hit."

"I don't think I should." Mike said, cautious, but curious. Despite what he had said, he was already reaching for it. He copied Billy and placed it between his lips. He waited until Billy reached over and re-lit it. The moment the flame hit the tip, Mike took in a deep breath like he had just emerged from water after spending a minute under.

Two seconds later, Mike was coughing loudly. His throat scratched against itself and his chest burned. Billy took the joint and inhaled, keeping the burn at the tip from going down again. He held in the smoke and grabbed at Mike, snatching the front of his shirt and dragging him close – then he blew it directly into Mike's mouth in the middle of a cough.

It only left Mike hacking even more. Eventually, Mike did stop. He looked at Billy, who was slowly getting through the joint, and glared.

“Asshole.” He huffed out.

“Learn to take a hit.” Billy laughed, smoke flowing out from his nostrils and mouth simultaneously. He tapped his thighs and leaned back. “Come on, get on me. I can shotgun you. I’ve heard it helps.” He purred.

“Get on your lap?” Mike asked incredulously. Billy bobbed his head and tapped his thigh again.

This was where Mike understood less on how he made the right decisions to get to the aforementioned event at the very beginning of this tale, but it happened anyway. Maybe the blame laid on the beginning of a high, maybe not. He didn’t even know what Billy had meant by ‘shotgun’. Mike still scooted closer and sat himself on Billy’s lap, spreading his legs out to straddle the older teen’s thighs.

“Keep your mouth open.” Billy said. “And inhale when the smoke comes at you.”

Mike was hesitant. He still obeyed.

After holding in the smoke just briefly, Billy placed his hand on the back of Mike’s head and forced him closer. Their lips were almost touching when Billy opened his mouth and blew out a thick, stuffy white cloud.

Mike almost sneezed. He managed to inhale to catch the end of the cloud. It still burned. Only his mind was more occupied with the feel of Billy Hargrove’s jeans against his legs. He steadied himself with a hand on Billy’s chest, too. He couldn’t stop looking into blue eyes. Too much of Billy surrounding him, it kept him from focusing too much on anything else.

He isn’t a fag. He’s pretty sure he isn’t, anyways. If anyone in the Party is a queer, it would be Will. *Not* Mike. He had El, Jane, whatever she wants to be called. Why was he so quickly enamored with Billy fucking Hargrove? It’s a question he can’t answer, especially not in that moment.

Billy repeated the process until the joint was a butt and it ended with

Mike so close to Billy's mouth, there was no way not to call it a kiss. Mike felt dazed. His entire body was tingling like he had woken up too early, coming out of a very deep sleep.

The loss of Mike Wheeler's virginity came closer when Billy placed his hands on Mike's hips.

"You know, Mickey boy, you look a bit like a prepubescent girl." Billy said.

"It's Mike. I'm in puberty, too." Mike lazily snapped back.

Billy laughed. "Yeah, but if you were a girl in puberty, I'd be sad at the lack of yours tits. You're a girl before she's got her tits, dude." He said. He moved his hands from Mike's hips up to Mike's chest. Through the cloth of the t-shirt, they were able to feel each other's body heat.

"I'd have big tits." Mike said, defensive.

"Oh, I've seen your mom." Billy said. "I fucked her a few times. Too bad Nancy didn't get those honkers. Must take after daddy."

"You've had sex with my mom?" Mike asked, confused. Billy nodded.

"Not trying to talk about your mom, dude. Trying to talk about your lack of tits." Billy said. For emphasis, he squeezed Mike's chest. "Do you've got an ass?" He asked, already moving his hands to take a feel. "You do!" Billy cheerily proclaimed.

Mike couldn't remember what occurred between that point and him getting laid out on his stomach, jeans being pulled down until Billy's hands rested on the back of his knees. His face was shoved against a dusty couch pillow that made his nose itch, which was weirdly distracting from the large hands grabbing his ass cheeks and pulling them apart.

"I'm going to fuck you." Billy said. "Since Nancy took my bitch, I'll take her bitch of a brother." He added, though it didn't seem directed towards Mike.

Billy grabbed his leather jacket and pulled out a tiny bottle. He

discarded the jacket, but popped open the bottle's cap. He squirted a substantial amount of goo-looking substance onto his hand.

Mike didn't feel the first of Billy's fingers, or even the second. He did feel the third though, especially when Billy tried to spread them out inside of him. The stretch was uneven and strange, but not wholly terrible. He could barely hear his own whimper.

"It's like I'm fucking a fucking preteen girl." Billy said. "And I don't need a condom because it's not like she can get knocked up."

"Fuck you." Mike gasped out. He had been holding in his breath thanks to three fingers pushing in and out of him. Billy just laughed.

The three fingers pulled out completely. Mike heard a shuffle of cloth and the bottle open again shortly before Billy began to shove something too-thick into him.

"Is-" Mike whimpered out. The stretch was a lot different compared to three fingers. "Is that your dick?"

"Yeah." Billy grunted, not taking his time to ease Mike in as he shoved his dick inside. When he was pressed in as deep as he seemed to be able to go, Billy was panting and Mike was making a string of high-pitched noises. It almost hurt to have Billy inside of him like this. As he began to move, his dick dragging out to slam back in, he said, "Fuck, man, you look like a fucking girl."

"No I don't." Mike whined.

Billy grabbed at the back of Mike's head, threading his fingers into his hair. "Hair like a girl, ass like girl, you're a fucking twelve year old I'm fucking at church." He said. That was a weird ass comparison, or whatever the fuck, to Mike. Obviously normal to Billy, who was quickly picking up pace.

Mike hoped El wasn't trying to see him tonight. He let out a loud cry when Billy slammed into somewhere *sweet* inside of him. He grabbed at the couch and the older teen seemed to make a point of repeatedly slamming into that same spot.

"Loud ass bitch." Billy cursed. "Jesus, shut the fuck up or someone's

going to hear us.” He snapped, tugging at Mike’s hair. So, Mike bit at the dusty pillow his face was shoved into to muffle his scream-moans.

Mike came too soon because Billy continued fucking him after he did. It felt strange, where it was rubbing into his stomach and the couch in what was going to become one of those stains that made people throw out a piece of furniture. He bit down harder on the pillow, eyes watering.

Billy fucked him until Mike’s dick was hard again and his eyes were watering. When Hargrove finally came inside of him, Mike had to reach down to pull at his dick weakly in order to finish himself off that second time. Only a small spurt oozed out of him.

Present arrived, then.

“Jesus, I should’ve used a condom.” Billy curses. Mike lets go off the pillow, saliva forming a thin string as he moved his head. A strange emptiness came about once Billy’s dick left him. “You’re fucking leaking everywhere.”

Mike sighs and closes his eyes. He can’t bring himself to care, too much, though he is going to wonder for the rest of his life how he ended up losing his virginity to Billy Hargrove.

Author's Note:

one of my few non-online friends (okay like the only one tbh with myself) asked about reading my fics, and I told her she was too innocent for them. honestly she is. the kinkiest she's gotten is predator (movie aliens not people) porn.

hmu on my Instagram walepurgeis or my tumblr doctavodka, if you want. I post updates on fics on my Instagram, but tumblr is just true crime and bullshit.